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How a Dead Man was Drawn From His Tomb  
and Back Again to Life

— BY —  
ADAIR WELCKER



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Facts Presented by a Citizen of the United States, Born at Watervleit Arsenal, to the Senate and House of Representatives of the Honor of the United States, About Which, as His Own Is a Part of It, He Instructs Them, For Himself, Not to Quibble Nor Allow His Share Thereof to Be Lost.

San Francisco, in response to appeals has in times of her disasters and exhibitions, had larger gifts quickly sent to her from all of the nations and states, than any other city.

San Francisco representatives in the California Legislature have stood in opposition to aid being sent in one state (her own) to orange growers within the southern half of that state when one year's frost (such as was there a novelty) in one night did damage that caused to be given to the book: "PEOPLE (thither coming out of a region wherein disasters are met as if they were a jest) WHOM YOU MAY MEET AT THE FAIR" its title, as wide as did her own great earthquake, in recoupment for the damage of which there was poured into her (no nation in the world discriminating) wealth out of the whole of it.

San Francisco legislators from all of the aliens who thus helped her have since sought to take away privileges that, within the city into which their money was poured, they desired to have reserved for themselves.

From the nations whose money came in great volumes to enable them to rebuild their city many of San Francisco's citizens now desire to withhold the canal's use upon those equal terms for which its word of honor for the whole country has been given. These San Franciscans invite the people whose money without discrimination they have accepted to come and under the roofs of the city dwell, and celebrate the completion of a canal the right to use which those spoken of as guests they desire not to permit to have, on the terms that the hosts reserve for themselves, yet which they invite the guests to come and help them to celebrate.

Robertsons and Elders, the fashionable book dealers of the city, say that they have not, and the White House does not say whether or not it has room for this pamphlet; within which at once, by those who possess the faith or friendship, that can alone lead to the discernment of any great matter, there will be found the concluding expression of a gift, long ago made to mankind, of a value greater than all canals that have been built, and beyond that of all expositions, that signs placed high up or agents sent abroad, have invited "the world" to come to.

The conduct, therefore, of San Francisco, set out above, has been to her a disaster greater than any that could be the consequence of another earthquake lasting even longer than did the great one of 1906.

ADAIR WELCKER





## PREFACE

Since this book was printed the Oregon Rationalist Society has set forth, through the Oregonian, a proposal that, in an auditorium that the Society will pay for, by the representatives of designated classes, questions in it set forth, shall be debated.

Historical evidence may not, of the existence or external life lived by the man that they name, or of that of any man whose soul, while he dwells upon the earth, has been caused to ascend to its apogee, within the world be left. This is a matter consequent upon the existence of rationalism that has risen within the universe up to a point where it does not need longer to debate. For this rationalism purposely permits the man who, for a lifetime has all of the world served in the face of ingratitude, from those that should have been the last to show it, who did not even in return look pleasant—by history to become forgotten. But the deeds of any man, that have moved a whole race forward in the face of a continent-wide ingratitude, this rationalism is not ever going to permit the memory of the race to lose, until every other man has had the opportunity also to perform the deeds that he did. For then may the man who has done them obtain knowledge, in regard to the other, of what history has had taken out of it the power to retain. Others may never have known him. For perfect rationalism allows not any great man to be seen as great as he was or to become understood, except by another who, through having done what he did, has acquired the capacity to believe in him as he is. Others may know him not. They perceive instead only their own mental ghost—concocted out of a puerile conception of the vast human strength that can stand up within the garments, created out of his thoughts, constituting the soul about his spirit, and of flesh, for which their many views have been casting lots—a man. Therefore highest rationalism, in order that no man shall be left to worship any puerile conception that, by the mind that debates about matters insignificant, can be created, has ordained that deeds of service shall alone upon the earth be correctly and permanently remembered.

Though any man who has served the whole world will care little whether others believe that he has existed, so long as they do what he did; yet, correctly can it be believed that he has existed, because of, and for his work's sake. Little, too will he care whether the world believes that, during the course of hours, he was crucified upon a frame work of wood, or instead, that the dog star has, because of the prolonged ingratitude of those who, of all should have been the first to welcome his deeds, through the vibration of its beams become able, into his soul to enter the iron: able, through their activity, to pierce through feet that, for the world have walked; through hands that have fed—that the beams of the dog star have bitten.

ADAIR WELCKER



# How a Dead Man was Drawn from his Tomb and Back Again to Life

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The man who has answered the question of the Sphinx will have learned what things are in man. Having for three days been in hell and then having ascended to heaven, he will have learned what death is. He will through having been dead, have obtained,—as in no other way a man can,—knowledge of what will then have been proved to him to be an absolute certainty; knowledge that, for any man there can be eternal life. He will have learned that, wherever there is force, there is life; and that, throughout the universe, constituting the original cause of all of its manifestations, there is one that is the original and only force. The man will have been shown that this one force, whenever it is passing through forms, ceases to sleep; being on account of the nature of its process of passing through them, out of sleep awakened. He will have seen that that awakening of this force, caused by its having passed through forms, becomes intelligence. This man, looking back upon death, through which he has had the hardihood to be willing to undertake to go, and to dare to pass, will have seen this one force has two ways whereby, through forms, it acts. One of these, as he will have discovered, is towards larger and more abundant life; the life throughout the universe that can be, when indicating it by the human word courage, as nearly as may be, referred to; which, whenever it through forms operates, causes the universe at that point, to think. This operation of the force will have to be imperfectly referred to through the use of words. But hardly can they touch that which is meant. They cannot show what is meant when it is said that the manifestations of this force are constantly changing at the time that its process is that of passing through one form after another every one of which is, than the one that preceded it,—greater. A vision of what electricity actually is, could express this. So could comprehension that the emotions of the human race are the cause of plant life; and what are the various effects of different human emotions, upon them, as well as its chief one. The other of the two operations of this one force produces its manifestations, that arise from having passed through forms, every one of which is than the one that preceded it,—less. The first process is the one that creates what is, among men, called life. The second is the one that conveys any living thing directly to that state and conditions that is called death.

To be brave enough to be constantly changing old lights for new is to walk along the way that leads to that which can more abundantly give to any man life. To allow the force operating within him to work long, without change, through any of the unchanging forms that the daily affairs of some men creates, or through those forms that the processes of some of their larger schools will have put about them, will eventually be, for the man to become so stiff-necked, that the struggle on the part of this force to get out of, and away from those forms, can cause the fixed and set man's neck physically to become suddenly limber;—to have become, for a time,—as it will seem to him,—broken. Such a man, if he eventually is to recover, first for a long time will have to walk about in the world with the connection between his head and his shoulders unable,—as he will have many times to believe,—to longer support for any great length of time the state, following its agony, into which the soul that had once given to his body firmness, will have fallen. That "I" that such a man so constantly before, with pride, will have made use of,—will he, if back to his body there is to come, from his soul, a strength that is new,—with a marked degree of caution thereafter make use of.

The man who has been brought to stand where something, that is in every man, can behold all inner things, in action, will have been made aware that each man who would obtain more life must gain, above all things, at first courage. That in order himself greatly to live, those forms that he uses, through which into himself the force moves, must

not be allowed to become stereotyped; or become about his soul a prisoner's shackles, or a slave's locked bindings. Quicker from such forms, hardening about him, should he flee than from a city down upon which molten lava is flowing. The work done by the man who would the truth discover, and by it be set free, must be to escape from the place where those forms are a city: one dying from its obverse expression of the one vast unity; and from it escape, and somewhere get away from it, where there will be greater change:—variety. The man of daring will ever have to be passing, from any set of forms,—away; and if possible to some other place, into which no man has put weakness, by giving to it a name by which it has begun to become fixed. Rapidly, if possible, from every place that is beginning to take upon it that, which is age, away and into some unknown country, into which no man has before gone, should he, with all who are his, move. For from variety to variety, must the passage of that life be that is to increase; and, by the variety of matters lived among, grow to a capacity large enough to take into it, in consequence of the affection that it for them has had, the power that all of the things of the earth have in them; until, seeking always to find the good that is in every condition of life, such a man can know that, only from the everlasting; (whose eternity itself is such, only for this: that it has been compounded out of a variety that is infinite), down through his understanding, into him, can there pass that tremendous comprehension that will lift him up and beyond all knowledge that, canned and labeled, has been put away upon shelves that are endowed to hold all antiquated, technically expressed, formulated utterance.

Words can, of course, hardly touch matters in regard to which the Sphinx has so long been asking many,—and one question. To put even a reference to what is being pointed to, into the technical and formulated language of science, would be merely to cause the spirit of such an utterance from the letter of the forms, (from those traps that scientists, so-called, set to catch the birds of the mind), at once to flee away.

There once upon a time was in the U. S. a handsome boy of the age of twelve years who, as he walked in a forest that was back of his father's farm, from the brooks running under the trees and the ponds; from the trees, as well, and their inhabitants; had had put into his head thoughts that caused his elders, with questioning looks to watch him, whenever the thoughts that in the forest he had obtained, he uttered. At this age, all things that, in such wanderings he found, he took to, and shared with his companions.

There was, once upon a time, a youth, some of whose dreams as the years passed, he for others exchanged; and moved by the spirit that was working through those of another kind, he was led away, to go to a distant and great city. In the youth's face there remained not so much light as in the face of the boy there had been.

There once upon a time was, in the U. S., a man whose eyes had gradually, with each passing year, grown to look as if they had become colder and harder. The boy, the youth, the man, people in exactly speaking, ordinarily would have spoken of as the same. The soul of each was the same, but, (to try to express what words may not), within each, as the body had become older, the soul had been caused to go from it, farther back.

The grown man had, after reaching manhood, succeeded in acquiring a vast number of things; and, at the time to which this writing relates, had great possessions. Upon him, on account of his great wealth, there had been conferred, (in the land where large numbers believe that there can be a brain-created democracy outside, before the real one of the heart has been established within), the title of "General." The name belonging to him, (which followed the title so conferred, that did not), was Woodburn. He was a man of sixty-five years of age. At the time referred to this man's body might, by one who had looked only upon the surface of the great pyramid, have seemed, from the neck to the waist, to bear some kind of resemblance to it. Such a thought might have arisen out of the fact that, connected with each of these bodies, there was something held by them in common, of which each was significant. Of what that

was, any tourist,—in so far as the world's literature has informed us,—seems not ever to have known. Death is that, of which what was material in each of these bodies was significant.

General Woodburn at this time had become, and was the owner of plantations larger than are some of the countys of some of the American states. He owned, in various states, a sufficient amount of stock in different banks to control them. He had money on deposit in others that formed a line that stretched across a continent. Ships on seas and lakes he possessed, that carried cargoes between many ports. And, because of the fact that this man, (to whom the generous boy, that he once had been, had, to his altered nature, become a stranger), out of the operations of his financial machinery, of which these possessions were a part, day by day took, (sometimes to himself consciously; sometimes not), from orphans and widows their little, to add it to his much, thereby of that much to make much more; (the losers, being before the juggernaut advance of his much, helpless, the forms that had become established about him, through which he worked, were all of the time building up about, and for his soul, its panopticon. And as its walls kept pressing ever harder inward; as their thickness and compactness day after day was added to; the soul within began at last to cry out and, at first, to its body, that had lost all of the capacity that it had once had to hear it. It can be said that, in one way, it at last begged and implored the walls, that ought to have had ears,—of its body not, by their growing pressure upon it, to add to its almost unbearable torment. Otherwise quickly would (as the soul knew) the time arrive when it would be authorized by the one whose eye looks ever down upon every hostile to shake down, and destroy its own body in order that, by the mind of that body, that would not hear, the soul itself should not be caused to perish. But the forms that had been brought about it had in such a way affected the body that, of all that its soul was saying, it would and could hear, now not anything. So had the man's brain, through the forms through which his work had been done, been shaped, that the soul, by the use of it's language, (as, in the case of some men, to the extent of expressing a warning,—it may), had, into it, not been able to penetrate, to speak. Seeing the life that the body of the man was being induced, by his brain to live, the soul well knew that certain forms, which were being added to others, that the man already used, would, after they had been added, cause it to become as impossible, for it to remain within, and use that body (even though, without it, it had not another instrument through which to accomplish what ought to have been its destiny), as it would be for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Words, (although a renowned writer has said that they were) have not been invented to conceal thought. Neither were they invented as a means through which to withhold from men facts. But, there is knowledge to which some man will, whenever a whole generation is about, from the earth to depart, attain. Such knowledge the majority of the pundits of those among the great schools that are most unwilling to have ears at all for the unformulated things that are new, denounce as "Charlatanism." "But that knowledge, of which the one called "Charlatan" has had the kind of vision that does not err, (but which words then existing, cannot express), has made of him a host, at whose great table of wisdom will the sons of those who denounce him, and their institutions for centuries afterwards feed; although he, whom in theory they claim to remember, would, if he came to take a seat at his own table there find many who, against him would cry out,—asserting that one, having such an appearance, they do not know, and that, from such a table any one who wore a garb so modern as was his, ought to be driven.

Such children of the kingdom of greater wisdom, who had brought down out of heaven bread, that myriads of institutions would afterwards be endowed, by some who would have abhorred those who had been the causes of them, to study their work, could always have turned to those who denounced them as "quacks" and have said: "You study the lexicon in which are words, and the letters out of which such words are formed. There is another book, that, as its words are not from the letter that kills, but out of the deeds that create life,—lives

To that greater book, any man can go, and from it learn,—as any man can, by doing the things that are there set down to be done,—whether I am, as you say, but know not how to determine, a ‘Charlatan,’ or not. For the language of the book, to those who will do what will enable them to read it, is not vague, and in it is there not any error at all”. True,—as to some of the knowledge in it,—is it for all who are not willing to do the things that will enable them to know it, that, for them, the words of one of the sages of China are correct: “They who know, do not tell; they who tell, do not know”. Better would it have been to have said,—of “They who know,” this: They who know, would tell if in any earthly dictionary, language, that might help them, they could find. But knowledge comes first; not language; and language to express it has to be created, after it has come. For there is no royal road, either for king or scholar, or for a man illiterate, to learning. But the illiterate man who will perform the deed, from which the scholar will, wanting courage to undertake it, shrink, can acquire knowledge to which all of the endowed mechanical apparatus furnished to aid the other will not ever be able to convey him. Therefore is it open to any man having sufficient courage, through doing, (without being dependent upon any other for help, or being upon his formulated language dependent), to learn. Along the pathway that through trackless spaces their deeds will for them make, alone must they proceed, through their courage correctly led to believe that they, across the surface of the inner waters, are moving along the line upon which the truth,—that will love them for the cause that they have themselves many things, loved much,—will be at the same time towards them coming. Setting at last, as its consummation, the soul free from all of its bonds, because of its deeds,—will it have become free, indeed. Having taken away from the soul need any longer to remain in solitary confinement; back once more, even through its body, to its ears will there have come opportunity through the one universal language, that eventually will between all of the worlds be spoken, from worlds other than this, to obtain information. To the soul’s eyes that so long have been prevented from seeing beyond the body’s dark, will a more perfect sight come, that will enable it, from every one of the worlds to catch their varying lights. Thereafter will all men cease to make futile efforts, by rules that will be binding in the external world, to regulate the conduct of others; or, in that mistaken way, try to bring to them that which can become their freedom. For, before their freedom can come; first must all men be set free from the prolonged death rattle of “MY” and MINE” and,—regardless of others,—“I”. For, the views (that are as much property as is any other kind of it), that those who externally reform speak of as their own can, if they are not ready at the moment that they learn what is true immediately to drop them, bring to their bodies their own death rattle, or even cause the soul that is within them to perish.

“MINE” and “MY” and “I” were the expressions, passing from within him outward, in regard to his large possessions, that were almost continuously upon the lips of “General” Woodburn. Although it was in no sense as a reformer that he spoke, such words can have, if too continuously used, upon all men in the world an effect that will be pronounced; and of longer duration than any drug, from without, that the man could have taken into himself. For not only do those words cause the soul in a way of its own to reel; but they, since they into it could not go, upward by it had they to be thrown,—and out. This, did the forces of nature that, through entering into forms acquire intelligence, perceive. But, (in that differing from the envious, among his fellows), against such a man do not those forces rail, any more than would a discerning sober man, against a drunkard, who had been made drunk. Forces that have been clothed upon, and had put about them garments ever changing and deathless, have a kindlier thought. So, when they see a man putting himself to death through a form of intoxication, (with which that produced after drink may not compare), they wish only,—if such a thing may be,—to save for him his soul which, otherwise his deeds will have lost. Their natures, that have become as well rounded as can become a soul that is unselfish and kind, perceive that the riches of many rich men have often been, (just as



envy upon the part of others also has been), thrust upon them. By such forces is it known that such men have been caught in a net many times harder to escape from than the net that was cast in the arena of Rome about the body of the gladiator. They perceive that it is often not easier for the man owning possessions, that stretch across a continent, to dispose of them quickly, than it would be for a beggar to go and steal the money with which to buy them. So slight is such an ownership observed to be, that an investigation called for by the owner, that would extend over a life time, could not accurately inform him even of what was occurring in connection with the greater part of all that he had the privilege (if it is such), of calling his.

So, at the bogus "General" such forces did not any more rail than they would have done at other owners, much more admirable than he, of millions of money. Of course his possessions compelled him to have to; but these forces saw also other reasons why he perpetually was saying "MINE" and "MY" and so constantly "I". Hundreds of men, brought into contact with him, who had not the nobler form of perception that would have seen wealth to be in other matters, placed it in material possessions. As every low order of imagination places, upon the highest pinnacle to which it is able to reach, that of which it has thought as being of greatest value as its god, they had bowed down before him, (as being that which he owned); and before it, through him, they crooked their knees as basely as other men have done before other potentates,—or any whose positions that are significant of other material forms of wealth. Therefore, saw these intelligent forces that, less responsible was he himself, than were those who cringed before this Captain (who owned industries), for the disease that gradually was putting his soul, as well as his body to death. Looking down upon the boyhood that had been pressed back from him, but had not yet gone wholly away and apart from his soul; looking upon youth who had stood half way between the boy and the man; they saw that there was something in him yet that could be saved. So they determined that they would save it. At the time of the severance of the soul from the body, would be their opportunity to do this. At what moment that severance was to occur, out of what is yet to be described, they could calculate.

The man upon whom, by many of its newspapers and magazines there had been conferred the title that in their land is more formidable than that of Duke or Earl or Marquis, in the majority of the countries that are older; a title that, in his land, is more envied by many called democrats than are the other titles, by the democrats of other lands,— "Captain of Industry".—was one day seated in his residence. It was one, compared with which many palaces of other countries may not be. To himself he was saying: "What have I not accomplished! I have finished a great building and tomorrow, from ground to roof I will have it stored with abundant wealth. Then will I go to Paris and to Rome; and nowhere will I walk. But, always, in the most expensive conveyances, will I ride. And all of the most costly things, that the people of those countries desire least to part with, will I buy. I,—"

At this moment a maid entering, handed him a card. Of the coming of the card he could not have said "It was I that brought it; I caused it to come; I." No. For not he, but the discerning; the intelligent; the designing forces of nature had enabled the card to be brought. As the Captain of Industry held it in it,—his hand trembled. From his cheek fled away a portion of its life. Upon it, the color left was that of a corpse. He rang a bell, and a glass of water that was brought, when swallowed, revived him. But, upon his brow rested drops of sweat that, to those forces of nature, that were intelligent, foretold for him an agony not far away,—to come. Why, of it was the card that had come to him significant, could not any earthly physician have told. For, although homeopathic physicians say that their system is, because it has announced some causes and their common effects, a science, the older system is not, neither one of them seems to know from what source are the causes of diseases; nor that, if those be but first removed, no mental treatments, either absent or present; no use of drugs, will any more be needed on earth. Nor seems any practitioner to have discerned that, if such causes be not removed, it ought to be

to the sufferer a matter indifferent whether upon the body there be an external appearance of health, or not.

The man who had sent to "General" Woodburn his card had gone away after having been told that he could not see him. But, by his proximity to him, because of the character of the wrong that "General" Woodburn had done him, forth from the man and to him had gone something, than the consequences of which not any, of any deadly drugs, could be more certain; though of it neither of those men knew.

"By the way" the next day a visitor said, in the office of "General" Woodburn to him: "I've heard that you've determined to fire Burroughs, the captain of our ship 'Tasmania'." "Not determined. I've already done it. After I've made up my mind to do a thing nothing is postponed. It's done. You know my rule. The man had reached forty. He therefore is no longer in my employment". "But, you've always had good luck with Burroughs," the other responded. "He has never had one single mishap". "He is over forty, I said. I work out my rules; and after they have been worked out to my satisfaction, they go into practice." "But, even after that",—"There is no after that." "You know, as well as I do", his companion continued, "that, because of the money expended upon surgeons for his bed-ridden boy",—"Of such matters I undertake to know nothing; have not the time to go any more into one, than into a hundred, that immediately, if I considered one, would crop up." "But said his companion "I'm a stockholder in the company",—"The answer to that" said the General, "is: Get yourself voted into my place and run it." The man talked of the daughter of Burroughs, who had consumption, and had to be sent west. Seeing finally that the other was not to be moved, he took up his hat and departed. Twice afterwards, during the day, "General Woodburn repeated the rule which he had established, that prevented the employment of men after forty. The matter was the last time referred to that afternoon, when he stood, with his hands on the open door of his automobile, about to enter it and start for his home. He was saying to an acquaintance: "Dollar for dollar, a man over forty don't give the same return, in energy exchanged for it, that the younger man does." "But there is something besides",—"There is nothing besides." "Yes sir", said a man who had been drinking, who had previously stood some feet away listening, "There is". He then stood, without at once saying anything further, unsteadily upon his feet, while with a questioning expression he gazed upon the countenance of the Captain of Industry. "You say" he then continued, "that you are not going to employ any more people after they get to forty. You think that's all. No Sir. You are about to deal with one; over forty, in a way that you never did deal with any other in all your life before." The man, to whom he was a stranger, and who was wholly unknown to the "General" had, as drunken men sometimes do, seen something that the soberest of a man's friends do not see; that drunken men sometimes can, and as soon as they do generally forget that they have seen.

This time the countenance of General Woodburn did not turn gray. He may possibly have suspected that the drunken man had referred to any one of a hundred occurrences; and then, mentally, he may have asked: "But, what is a drunken man?" and in the woods an echo might have repeated: "is a drunken man!" And, after all, what is a drunken man,—and why? Exists there an institution that either makes use of or discusses wine; that can answer the question that some day a different kind of echo may, in many places be asking

And all of the time surgical forces of nature about this man, whose set rules he had been believing nothing could loosen, were continuing,—(as about his soul, his body previously had done),—closer to gather.

Nature's intelligent forces, with pens dipped in that fire of which,—as well as of death, the pyramid of Cheops is significant, upon the walls of this man's body with that fire, that gave out an odor as the pens moved, wrote. He knew that these words would, when speaking,—(as words that inspeak as well, as those that speak out, sometimes may)—cause him slightly to change the direction in which he had, until then, travelled. They would cause him to hear things, that would, after a while sound much louder than the voices that were becoming, day after day, feebler. So feeble had his utterances grown that he continued to mutter only, "MY" and "MINE" and always and unceasingly "I". "I",



did he continue to repeat, almost until about him, the hands of other men were wrapping the cerements of the body to be laid away. And about him and over him there came to be closed his tomb. But before this, and close to the time of the winter solstice, had the intelligent forces caused, within his nostrils, the odor of sulphur to be. At the moment that the sun was farthest south, the centers of his palms had they pierced. Upon the evening before that, they had caused him to stand before the setting sun, that was surrounded by while the whole heavens were overspread with clouds, rose colored and purple and golden, and within himself this question of the great sun to ask. "Oh wonderful cause of all the external beauty for men that there is, am I ever again,—or tomorrow with you to rise? Am I never, after this night, with these physical eyes, upon you again, to look? For, as I now have been shown, the night, not of this, but of another world comes. Through the night that long is to seem, and all of the things that I am to find in it, I am to pass. Will my soul out of the dregs of that cup, too begin, when you will have begun to, upward to rise "

There then came the night; and himself rising,—soon after its beginning,—above his motionless body was; and looking down upon it, a voice coming out of himself, to it said: "And now you are dead". Motionless and at rest, became suddenly, then, all things about him. And under a gigantic calm, far and near, rested the whole of nature's forces. Awaiting then its stir, strengthening himself, for what he knew was to come, and for the motion, that out of the motionless would first begin to show him all that was to come upon him, he,—knowing that he had to be,—at rest, watched. Watching, out of what he looked on, he perceived: That there can be found, by the one who has acquired the inclination to search for, in order to find it, in the midst of every one of nature's movements,—mercy. This can all of those who have among men, in number, friends least; may all of those who go where others will care least to follow; beyond all other kinds of help, help most.

Down, as soon as this knowledge had been given to him, out of the heavens above, with a roar, came what seemed to be a thousand storms, that shook the earth when they struck it. About him whirled they; and out of them, at him struck all of the forces of nature, intelligent to destroy, to which have been given the power to rend apart, if they can the attached portions of the souls of men, and bear the sundered parts to the lower air, there to destroy them. But that one in him that the intelligent forces of nature had seen to be the thing in him worth saving, had proved to be for him, his protection throughout the whole of their first onslaught; saving him from that state that might have become his; the state of a soul that selfishness, on earth can prepare such a soul to ready for; the state of one to be lost.

The storms that upon, and about him rushed, seemed to be withdrawing. And then, beginning vaguely to see some of the things of that world, that everlasting are, of which the things of this earth are but shadows, in physical shape destined every one of them to dissolve; he by a voice from what he saw not, was told that back of him there was one of them. He turned to find that, the mercy of which, to save himself, from the destruction that otherwise would have come to him, he had had quickly to be taught; that which in his boyhood he had practiced, having now enabled him to comprehend that which alone would give to him protection: was, as a mountain at his back; a gigantic rock, to which, facing it now, for a moment, he clung; that stood in the midst of a vast; a space-ending; a star dissolving; a world-absorbing ocean. Over its billows rolled something, by which the waters of the oceans of earth, and their billows, are from continent to continent driven. About him a thousand other things had come. Things saw he, that could others have helped, but might not him. And among those hosts of things that others might have helped was there not, nor anywhere, as he now knew, any one of those things that upon earth he daily had considered to be his strength; and had made use of, as instruments, with which to defeat others in their affairs, and in accomplishment for himself, pass beyond the accomplishment of many of his fellows.

Alone, as must every man that dies, go,—into the darkness he had gone. But, as about him the destroying intelligences continued ever more compactly to gather, and his soul with their forces pierce;

more of that world into which he had been taken, was he becoming able to become aware of; until, ahead of him, and out of and beyond all of its night, could he see far away at last its greater harbor, where gather together the waters that have been stilled; and stretching from within it, and beyond, its vast and wide city resplendent. But though now within him had come a deathless longing to, into it at this time was he not to be permitted to pass. For the fourth hour of a new day to the earth had come; and soon after, beginning to rise up over it could he see the great sun of the world from which for a time the soul that was his had severed. Something within it yet, however, was there that still to it belonged. Something that, by the light of that sun, could be taken hold of, and by it, to its earth be drawn back. So to him, was the sun that causes massive figures of rock on earth to sound now saying: "From you tomb call I you, facing me, to come forth, with your soul that has now been prepared within the highest air to henceforth move, upon my face to look. Where has been planted the purple Escholzia; Where have been planted the palms, each time victorious over death, that time after time towards me out of their bodies have risen up,—from your sepulchre arise now, and out into my garden come. For the whole of the work of a life time on earth, have you, not through time that otherwise would have seemed endless, within one night, in a world that was not of it, been able to undo. Age apart from age, are there men who through sudden changes passing, out of death, can be enabled to come back to life. Ages ago found I one. Ages have passed during which, I've been waiting to find in you, another."

#### PROPOSALS TO THE BOOK BUYING PUBLIC

A reader of profundity who has read this book, will have seen that he could have expended the cost of a million tons of other books bound in cloth of purple and gold and not have had the opportunity to obtain what, after a time, men may from this. Therefore, to profound men are the words that follow, spoken:

An indebtedness standing against the writer of \$27,000, makes it necessary that through one or another of his writings that sum shall be at once obtained. Therefore he makes the following proposals:

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The greater part of the indebtedness above spoken of is secured by mortgage, and trust deed against ground in Berkeley, California, upon which once grew, before the indebtedness had occurred a rose of sharon; brought from the plain of that name in Palestine to the mother of the writer, and upon this ground planted close to a palm tree that his father had there planted.

Should this indebtedness through his works quickly enough be paid off, it is the writer's wish, upon the ground at an early date to see arise a great publishing concern, out through the doors of which can be conveyed to all of mankind knowledge, such as before them the people of the world have not had placed any other opportunity to obtain.

**ADAIR WELCKER.**



even look upon what can nre be seen to be living; among other occurrences, this: a whole people, at the head of whose movements, especially arranging them, has been always their maker; who, that he has chosen them to need on earth no other ruler, has shown by the deeds expressing his will that he has caused their prophets to do; until now and at last that people has been set free from the long persecution, lasting over 1900 years, because those of other nations who should have acclaimed this work have themselves during 33 years received the one through whom it has been expressed as, for a much briefer period did, near 1600 years ago a class within the whole nation that, for the acts of that class they have since persecuted, the one through whom was done the work of which this is the complement as well as consummation. For near 2,000 years has the nation that was made, through the deeds that it's prophets were caused to do, the earth's chief glory, been held under a load to the hatred of a class among other nations. But now the price that, during 33 years has been accumulated, with which to do it, has been paid in full, to those who cannot any longer say that, from the bondage of their hatred they have not had, for the freedom of this people, the highest price paid that they could have exacted, to allow them to go free.

After, and it may be before, the writer has, (if it shall so come about), been made able to pay off the indebtedness standing against him and the property mentioned on the last page of the pamphlet, and other obligations that he is equally desirous to see paid, it is his intention to have the pamphlet printed with three other works, in one volume entitled:

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(in regard to the coming of which there have been made use of in the New Testament those words: "He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak")

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